

Falling With The Notes

by Aceofspades09

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Summary: What if the world took a twist and Kousei was a violinist and Kaori; a pianist? What if the world took a twist and their meeting took a place not under the beautiful cherry blossoms of spring but rather, the crimson leaves of a brilliant autumn?

Falling With The Notes

Kousei finds Towa Hall a bit big and intimidating, to say the least.

The whispers of the people, the tension in the air, the fear. It's all a bit too much for him.

At age six, Kousei is very sure he doesn't want to be a musician. But when he tells those same words to his mother, she simply chuckles and says, "You never know. Besides, this is the first competition you've been to!" He still refuses to believe it.

He attempts to open the tall doors to the auditorium, falling short of both height and strength. His mother chuckles again, ruffling his hair and opening the doors for him. They step inside. It's crowded, most of the seats filled up.

"Huh," his mother muses, "I wasn't expecting this many people."

"Saki!"

His mother turns her head to the direction of the shout, grabbing his hand and pulling Kousei along. "Hiroko!" He hears her yell. Kousei can see a woman waving at them near the front of the auditorium. They weave their way through the seats until they arrive next to the woman.

"You're welcome. For saving the seats, I mean," the woman says with a smirk. His mother shakes her head, a small smile evident on her face.

"Manners still as messy as ever, I see." They both laugh.

"At any rate, it's been a while! Sit down," the woman pats the two seats next to her. "I take it that this little kid is your son, right?"

"Correct!" His mother turns to him. "Kousei, this is a friend of mine. Her name is Hiroko Seto." She turns to the woman. "Hiroko, this is Kousei, my son."

"Um, nice to meet you, Seto-san." He bows hastily.

Hiroko ruffles his hair, and chuckles. "You're just as polite as your mother! No need to bow. Nice to meet ya." Kousei immediately likes her.

Suddenly, as if to signal the end of their conversation, the lights dim, casting attention to the stage. They both sit. And it's like magic, the way silence overcomes the entire auditorium. Like a calm, soothing wave.

And for the first time, Kousei notices the dark grand piano on stage. It looks a bit lonely on its own.

And then a young boy enters the stage. The whispers of the audience completely die down. It even quieter than before.

Vaguely, Kousei realizes that the silence belongs to the boy. It's his to command.

The boy bows, and seats himself on the bench of the piano. He raises his hands, and then presses down on a single key. A single note fills the air, and disappears just as quickly. And in a flash, his hands are everywhere, filling the air note by note. It's almost too much to take in.

It's _amazing._

Live performances are nothing like recordings, he decides, as the performances pass one by one. In fact, they are much better.

During intermission, despite his feelings, he stubbornly tells his mother once again that he still doesn't want to be a musician. She only smiles, a knowingly look on her face and repeats her words from before. "You never know."

And once again, intermission ends, and the performances fly by again, Kousei still refusing to admit his feelings. Until something changes. It comes in the form of a golden haired girl around the same age as Kousei. She bows like the others, and seats herself on the piano bench.

Kousei's not sure what it is, but something is different. Perhaps it's the atmosphere of the room, or the brilliant confidence in the girl's eyes, but _something_ _is_ different.

And just like before, a note resounds through the air. Only this time, Kousei can see the note right in front of his eyes. It's golden and bright, the same shade as the girl's hair, dissolving at a moments notice. And before he realizes it, there are more and more filling the air, the sound consuming him in its beauty, painting a new reality.

He can see a blue, blue sky and cherry blossoms gracefully dancing in the air. The sun is bright, and a wave of nostalgia is in the air. And it's all so so very amazing. Beautiful even.

Spring.

But behind the beautiful scenery lies a tinge of sadness. Slowly that sorrow begins to fill the air, until Kousei can feel it bleeding into his emotions.

"Love's sorrow. Kreisler, piano arrangement," a voice says. Kousei vaguely recognizes his mother's voice over the song. "Such a beautiful sound. She's quite a musician, that Kaori Miyazono." Kousei can see Hiroko nod in agreement out of the corner of his eye.

Miyazono Kaori. That's the girl's name, he realizes.

And it ends all too soon. Before he can comprehend it all, the golden notes are fading into oblivion, the scenery gone.

He watches as the girl leaves the piano to bow once more, a small confident yet happy on her face. Kousei joins in the massive applause, his eyes shining, his world turned upside down.

It's not until later that he tells his mother he wants to be a musician.

End
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